

Brethren Evangelist

"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."—Jesus

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A Bankrupt

A recent case in bankrupt proceedings is reported where the liabilities were nearly a million dollars, and the assets only three hundred. This unfortunate fellow, or he may have been worse than unfortunate, has a balance against him that few men could liquidate in a lifetime. He cannot pay, so he seeks legal remission of his debts, and will start again, perhaps upon another spectacular career of debt accumulation. A business bankrupt is not an enviable person, but some that pride themselves on eminent hard-headed success in matters where lucre is concerned have a lump of liabilities against them in other respects that ought to wilt that pride. According to a theology that is very generally received there is what is known as the Recording Angel, who is supposed to keep the account of our moral liabilities and assets. Take a peep at his books. You have no business at all with your neighbor's account. Why did you turn to that with such alacrity? Look at your own. The books are perfectly kept, there are no mistakes, no false entries, and you will recognize the account, tho it may have been running for many years, as all your own, and honest. Well, what do you find? The liability side is distressingly long and formidable. Transgressions of the perfect law, innumerable. Shortcomings of duty countless. On the other side, what? Do you see any assets? Good resolutions, good intentions, do you find that they have any value in the estimation of the recording angel?

Strike a balance, and you find that you are a bankrupt. How will you pay this debt? How are you going to get rid of that mountain of liabilities? The settlement must come, somehow, for everything in God's empire must square with the rule of absolute justice, else His empire would fall to pieces. The uttermost farthing must be paid. Can you pay? Can you square that account of your past life? There is One, he who delivered to Infinite Justice a price, a ransom on the cross, who is able alone to pay that debt. But have you asked Him to settle it for you? Have you drawn upon the credit of that blood, that sacrifice, that Love, in the bank of heaven? It is the only current coin that will liquidate that liability of yours, and deliver you

from eternal bankruptcy. It would be a pity not to avail of the benefit of it, an infinite, eternal pity.

A Contented Man

"Where?" "Who?" Trot out this marvel and let the world behold him. There is always and everywhere a lively interest in the unusual, especially the rare spectacle of a contented man. Doubtless there is more than one in the world, but they keep the secret to themselves for fear that nobody would believe a profession of unmixed content. But the papers tell us of an artist in Maine, whose good wife is an artist, and both working in the same studio make a nice little living with which they are content. The other day an attorney knocked at the door of the studio, and announced that by a recent act of Congress doing belated but substantial justice to a revolutionary sire of the artist, he had at his disposal a fortune of \$140,000. "Nice sum," said the artist, reflectively, "but really I don't know what we would do with it, do you, my dear?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but we might be able to use it some time."

"Still, it will be a whole lot of worry," sighed the artist.

"You see," explained his wife, "we have a nice little studio here, and work enough to keep us busy, and if we get this fortune I am afraid we will grow haughty and too proud to work."

"Never mind, my dear," replied the artist, "don't worry; maybe we won't get it."

So there you are, and if this specimen of the genus 'garb isn't a real curiosity, a man out of sympathy with his times, denying the traditions of his race, anticipating the millennium of no money and boundless content, if he isn't all this and more, we will cheerfully swap our ink bottle for a turnip, and resign the editorial profession for the good of our country.

Truly godliness with contentment is a great gain. What a whole system of philosophy is boiled down into this sentence: Be content with all that is providential in your lot. THERE, THERE, is the secret of happiness. It is neither far to seek, nor hard to win.